

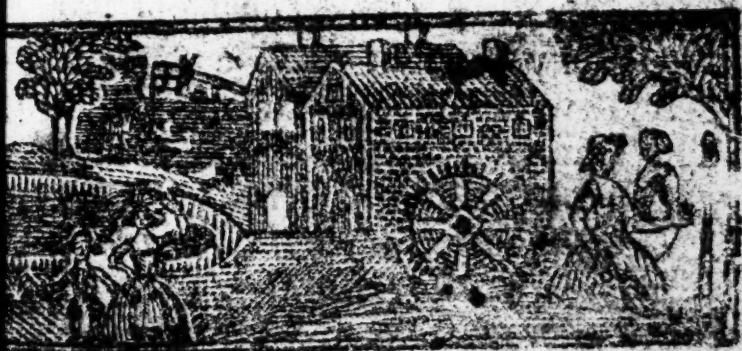
(8) The BERKSHIRE 4

TRAGEDY:

OR, THE

WHITTHAM
MILLER.

Who most barbarously murdered his
SWEET-HEART big with Child :
With his whole TRIAL, Examina-
tion, and Confession ; and his last
DYING-WORDS at the Place of
EXECUTION.



LONDON: Printed for JOHN KNEED, 1744.



The *Berkshire* TRAGEDY.

Young Men and Maidens all give Ear
 To what I now relate ;
 O mark you well, and you shall hear
 Of my unhappy Fate.
 My tender Parents brought me up,
 Provided for me well ;
 And in the Town of *Whittam* then,
 Did place me in a Mill.
 By Chance I met an *Oxford* Lass,
 I cast a wanton Eye,
 And proms'd I wou'd marry her,
 If she would with me lye.
 But to the World I do declare,
 With Sorrow, Grief and Woe ;
 This Folly brought us in a Snare,
 And wrought our Overthrow.
 The Damsel came to me and said,
 By you I am with Child,
 I hope dear John you'll marry me,
 For you have me desil'd.
 Soon after that, her Mother came,
 As you shall understand ;

And often times did me perswade,
To marry out of hand.

And thus perplexed every Day,

I could no Comfort find ;

To make away this Creature then,

My wicked Heart inclin'd.

About a Month since *Christmas* last,

(O curst be that Day,)

The Devil then did me perswade

To take her Life away.

I call'd her from her Sister's House,

At Eight a Clock at Night,

Poor Creature she had little Dread

I bore her any Spight.

I told her if she'd walk with me,

In the Fields a little Way ;

We both together would agree

About our Wedding Day.

Thus I deluded her along,

Into a private Place ;

Then took a Stick out of the Hedge,

And struck it in her Face.

But she fell on her bended Knees,

And did for Mercy cry :

For Heaven's Sake dont murder me,

I am not fit to die.

But I on her no Pity took,

But wounded her full fore ;

Untill that Life I took away,

Which I can ne'er restore.

With many a grievous Scrich and Groan,
 She did resign her Breath,
 And in unhuman barbarous Sort,
 I put my Love to Dearth.

And then I took her by the Hair,
 To cover the foul Sin ;
 And drag'd her to the River Side,
 And threw her Body in.

Thus in the Blood of Innocence,
 My Hands were deeply dy'd
 And stained in her purple Gore,

That should have been my Bride.
 Then Home unto my Mill I run,
 But for it was amaz'd ;

My Man he thought I'd Mischief done,
 And strangely on me gaz'd

O! what's the Matter, then he cry'd,
 And I look'd pale as Death ;

*What makes you shake and tremble so,
 As tho' you'd lost your Breath ?*

*How came you by that Blood upon
 Your trembling Hands and Cloaths ?*

I presently to him reply'd,
 By bleeding at the Nose.

I withal upon him look'd,
 But very little said ;

But snatch'd the Candle from his Hand
 And went unto my Bed.

So I lay trembling all the Night,
 And I cou'd get no Rest. Though

Though perf & Flames of Hell di
 Within my guilty Breast.
 Next Day ehe Daniel being mist,
 And no where to be found ;
 Then I was apprehended soon,
 And to the Assizes bound.
 Her Sister did against me swear,
 She Reason had no doubt ;
 That I had mad made away with her,
 Because I call'd her out.
 But Sattan still did me periwade,
 I stilly should deny ;
 Quoth he, *Here is no witness can,*
Against thee testify.
 And when her Mother she did cry,
 I cunningly did say ;
On purpose for to frighten me,
she sent her Child away.
 I pu lish'd in the Gazett too,
 My Wickedness to blind ;
 Two Guineas any one should have,
 That could this Daniel find.
 But Heaven had a watchful Eye,
 And brought it so about,
 Although I stilly did deny,
 This Murder still came out.
 The very Day before the Assize,
 Her Body it was found ;
 Floating before her Brother's Door,
 At Hile Ferry Town.

Then I the second time was seiz'd,
 To *Oxford* brought with speed ;
 And there examined again,
 About this bloody Deed.
 The Coroner and Jury both,
 Together did agree,
 This Damsel she was murdered,
 And made away by me.
 The Justice too perceiv'd my Guilt,
 No longer would take Bail,
 But the next Morning I was sent
 Away to *Reading* Jail.
 When I was brought before the Judge
 My Man did testify ;
 That Blood upon my Hands and Cloaths.
 That Night he did espy.
 The Judge he told the Jury then,
 The Circumstance was plain ;
 Look on the Prisoner at the Barr,
 He hath this Creature slain.
 About the Murder at the first,
 The Jury did divide ;
 But when they brought the Verdict in.
 All of them *Guilty* cry'd.
 The Jaylor took and bound me straight,
 As soon as I was cast ;
 He carry'd me to Prison strong,
 And there did lay me fast
 With Fetters strong then was I bound
 And Snin-bolted was I : Y

Yet I the Murder would not own,
 But did it still deny ;
 My Father did on me prev al,
 My Kindred then likewise,
 To own the Murder, which I did,
 To them with watery Eyes.
 My Father then he did me blame,
 Saying, My Son O why,
 Have you thus brought your self to Shame
 And vll your Family ?
 Father I own the Crime I did,
 I guilty am in deed.
 That cruel Act I must confess,
 Does make my Heart to bleed.
 The worst of Deaths I do deserve,
 My Crime it is so base ;
 For I no Mercy shew'd to her,
 Most wretched is my Case.
 Lord grant me Grace while here I stay,
 That I may now repent ;
 Before I from this wicked world
 Most shamefully am sent.
 Young Men be warned by my Fall,
 All filthy Lust desie ;
 By giving way to wickedness,
 alas ! this Day I die.
 Lord wash my crimson Sins away
 which have been manifold ;
 Have Mercy Lord on me I pray,
 and Christ receive my Soul.

The Last Dying Words and Confession of John Munge, a Master Miller; who was Executed at Reading in Berkshire, on Saturday the 20th of last Month 1744, for the barbarous Murder of Ann Kite, his Sweet-heart big with Child.

I John Munge was born of honest Parents, who after giving me Education suitable to what Business they intended me for: At the Age of Five, put me Prentice to a Miller, and after serving my Time, my Father provided for me a Mill at *Whittham*; I lived there for Six Years; all that Time I led a very debauch'd Life, and the Opportunity of deluding young Women, when they came to the Mill with Corn to grind. But meeting wit Innocent Creature, which I could not delude without a great many Protestations to marry her; by frequently lying with her; at length she prov'd with Child, and coming to me one Day, desired that we might be married according to what I had promised her. I put her off from Time to Time, 'till she grew very uneasy, and she and her Mother one Time came to me, and begged, that I would consent to be married, and from that very Time, I studied what Way to take her Life. Accordingly I took her out Walking, and when in a proper Place, told her, that I brought her out to kill her: Her Cries indeed, would have met with Pity from any but me, who instantly beat out her Brains. For which, I desire the Prayers of all good People.